

KRS-One Lyrics

"Turn The Volume Up"

Class in session now
Most can't take it but Imma spit it anyhow
Young 'uns getting money, it's funny they think they're ready now
Old folks gossip and bickering sounding petty now
This is why the universe threw this verse it has sent me now
Just to let you know if you spit that flow keep it steady now
Do not be distracted by this one, that one, or other sounds
You can talk that hate but it's better to spread that love around
This is just that wisdom I give to those that's listening
Yeah I keep it gangster but consciousness Imma mix it in
This is KRS let me warn you I'm not the normal
I'm that part of hip hop that edutains and informs you
You can talk that murder, that mayhem but let me warn you
I know the game, you reap what you speak that's how they caught you
Take a minute and listen to the flow that supports you
When I spit it, your spirit it rises like it ought to

So turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

I am the primitive, native, indigenous, savage
Aboriginal, KRS-One is not the average
Barbarian, heathen, and pagan
Burnt faced negro, original man that's what you're facing
Haitian, Baysian, Jamaican black Asian
Knife in the chest of the colonist that's still slaving
The Indian, the Simian, the maroon, the pygmy them
The Ethiopian, the black Carthaginian
Why focus on a continent when the Earth's my domain
The ancient ones are my ancestors and I live with them
Kushite, Kemite, mapping the stars in the night
Divine minds guide us from the sciences of living right
Europa before Jehovah and black Noah
The agriculturalist, I am the reaper and the sower
The higher and the lower, the all-seer and the knower
I been here already I'm just doing it all over
Reincarnated, the holder of a boulder
The black Atlas holding the whole world on my shoulders
Money folder, much older, street soldier
KRS we will be here forever I told you

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Up on the last verse, blast first a Nazi
You know how long these industry fools trying to stop me
But they not me, they copies, they not free
I'm the pharoah, bow and arrow [?] they can't top me
The ancient one, I talk to [?] watch me
Laying on the set, these rappers turning punani
Cause they know they mocked me, now I'm in my armor
Spear to the throat, now what my name, Chris Parker
There's no computer screen, I am dope, you the fiend
Your name is what a loser mean, you on the losing team
I come back spitting raps, I am looking super clean
My name is what knowledge means, your name what stupid mean
Nightmare, right there, I don't fight fair
Man it's quite clear, you want the truth keep it right here
People always telling me these rappers are under me
That's true, I'm coming up on album number 23
Fuck with me, I don't sound like nobody, I'm no copy
I am no Gotti, a Nazi, I don't wait in no lobby
You know where to find me if you look look
These rappers are shook shook
Knowledge reigns supreme, my gats go buck buck

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